



Listen to the Cowboy Kid Coast-to-Coast on the Mutual Network!



BOBBY BENSON'S

No. 3

B-BAR-B RIDERS

10¢ In This Issue:
*Bobby's Daring Capture
of
the
GOLDEN
PALOMINO*





HI-YO! KIDS!

LONE RANGER'S

'Silver Bullet'

BALL POINT Pen Set

With Cowboy's Belt

Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuines Teased Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Hiding!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Written in 3 different Colors!

See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also TIP and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!

Lone Ranger Pal! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixin's — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good leaker, tool belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, teased real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome

buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no extra cost this thrilling offer!

SEND NO MONEY

— Just mail coupon and on

delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you won't part return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today

You Get

- 3 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
- 1 Teased Western Belt
- 1 Engraved Longhorn Buckle in Simulated Silver all for \$1.98

all for \$1.98

RUSH COUPON NOW

FUN INDUSTRIES, Dept. 100-N

45 E. 17th St., New York 13, N. Y.

Send at once your new LONE RANGER'S STEERHIDE BELT, CARTRIDGE HOLDER AND "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET — complete for only \$1.98. BELT SIZE —

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
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Money Back Guarantee: —

If not delighted may be returned in 30 days for full price refund.

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

TIGER LOOSE!—A MAN-EATING, UNTAMED TIGER WHO COULD NEVER BE MASTERED! BEHIND WHAT BUSH DOES HE LURK? WHEN WILL HE STRIKE—MAKE HIS KILL? WHERE? WHO WILL BE THE FIRST VICTIM? IT'S THE TIGER HUNT OF THE CENTURY—AND THERE'S GRAB-AND-GOING SUSPENSE! IN THE STORY OF—**"BOBBY BENSON AND THE MAN-EATING TIGER!"**



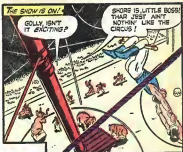
CHOW, FELLAS...
HURRY UP! THE
PERFORMANCE
BEGINS AT
TWO!! LET'S
RIDE!!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

THE TIGER RACES UP THE STANDS, COILS HIS MIGHTY BODY WITH MUSCLES LIKE STEEL BANDS, AND MAKES A GREAT LEAP!



AND THE GREAT CAT IS FREE!

THERE HE GOES — INTO THE BADLANDS, LIKE A BULLET!

MISSED!... A LOOSE TIGER... THIS IS TERRIBLE!



IT'S THE CASHIER!

TWO MEN ROBBED THE BOX OFFICE DURING THE COMA NOTION — GOT \$10,000 — MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY IN THEIR CAR!



IT'S TOO LATE TO GO AFTER THE ROBBERS — THEY HAVE A BIG HEAD START, BUT THAT TIGER MUST BE CAPTURED! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE MAKES A KILL!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT TIGER IS OUR FIRST RESPONSIBILITY. LISTEN TO ME, EVERYBODY...



I'M CALLIN' ON EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN TUN GO HOME, GIT HIS SHOOTIN' IRONS, AN' REPORT FER HUNTIN' DUTY! WE GOTTA GIT THAT MAN-EATIN' CRITTER! AN' I'M ORDERIN' ALL WOMEN AN' KIDS TUN STAY AT HOME 'TILL THE TIGER IS CAUGHT!

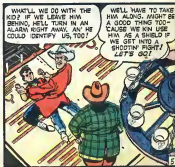
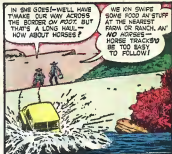
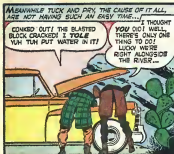


AN' THAT GOES FER YOU, BOBBY BENSON! THAT'S A DIRECT ORDER!

YOU HEARD THE SHERIFF, BOBBY. WELL, DROP YOU OFF AT THE RANCH WHEN WE GO TO PICK UP OUR WEAPONS. LET'S GO!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



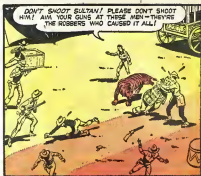
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



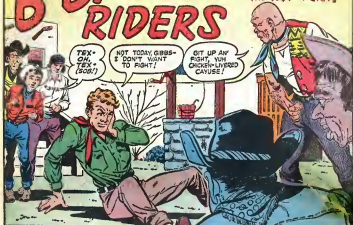
BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

YES, THAT CONBOY SITTING ON THE GROUND IS TEX MASON, FOREMAN, TORMAN, AND BOBBY BENSON'S HERO AT THE B-BAR-B CATTLESPREAD! CAN IT BE THAT HE IS AFRAID TO FIGHT HUNKER GIBBS? OR CAN IT BE TRUE AS TEX TELLS BOBBY THAT "SOMETIMES IT TAKES MORE GRIT NOT TO FIGHT?" TEX MASON SHOWS JUST WHAT HE MEANS IN—

"THE TEST OF GRIT!"



AT A RANCH NOT FAR FROM BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B CATTLESPREAD...



QUICK—TELL THE SHERIFF... BEEN ROBBED... SAYS MASKED MEN THAT ROBBED SWITH... KILLERS THAT CAME IN SHOOTING... WOUNDED ME AND MY WIFE... GET DOCTOR... QUICK...



...DOCTOR... DOCTOR... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE... AH...!



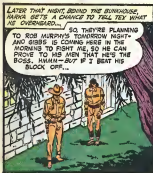
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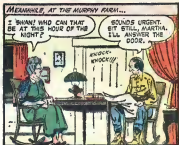
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BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S

B-BAR-B RIDERS

DOWN IN THE BIG BIRD COUNTRY, A FEARLESS STALLION, SMART AND WILD AND CRAZY, ROARS THE PRINCE, FREE AS THE WIND—AND AS FAST! BOBBY BENSON LOVES THIS BEAUTIFUL OUTLAW HORSE—BUT CAN BOBBY DO WHAT ALL HAVE TRIED TO DO, AND RIDE? CAN BOBBY CAPTURE AND TAME—

"THE GOLDEN PALOMINO?"

"YIPPEE! WE GOT HIM TRAPPED THIS TIME! THAT AIN'T NO WAY FOR HIM TUN OUT OUTA THIS—AN' THET CRIVERY BRONC KNOWS IT!"

"I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT, STAY CLEAR WHEN YOU LASSO HIM!"



WITH FLASHING EYES, THE WILD STALLION SEEMS TO WAIT FOR THE B-BAR-B RIDERS...

"GOT 'IM!"

"OH, GOLLY—CAN IT BE TRUE?"



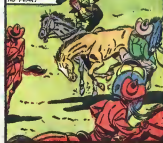
BUT—SUDDENLY—AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE WILY FALD-MIND DUCKS HIS HEAD AND LEAPS INTO ACTION AS THOUGH SHOT FROM A CANYON...

"WAL, I'LL BE A GOSSE-EYED GALDOTT— MISSED!"

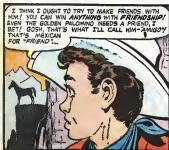
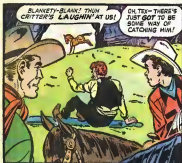
"WATCH OUT—HE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR US! WATCH OUT!"



HIS HOOF'S FLASHING, THE WILD HORSE HEADS STRAIGHT INTO THE GUNCHED RIDERS! THE GUNPLAY FALDING KNOWS NO FEAR!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

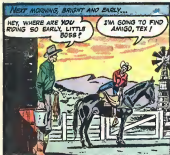


BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

Next morning, bright and early...

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU RIDING SO EARLY, LITTLE BOSS?

I'M GOING TO FIND AMIGO, TEX!



NO, BOBBY—HE'S A WILD KILLER. IF YOU EVER GET CLOSE TO HIM, HE'LL TRAMPLE YOU TO DEATH! BOBBY! STOP!

I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, TEX—I'VE GOT TO!



HARKA! WINDY! IRISH! ROUND UP THE B-BAR-B RIDERS! WE'RE TAKING AFTER BOBBY! HURRY! B-BAR-BEES!

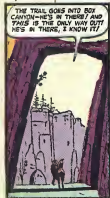


MEANWHILE BOBBY, TRAINED BY HARKA, HAS NO DIFFICULTY PICKING UP THE TRAIL OF THE GOLDEN PALOMINO...

THIS IS AMIGO'S TRAIL ALL RIGHT—I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! I'LL JUST GO RIGHT UP TO HIM AND TALK TO HIM FRIENDLY-LIKE. HE WON'T HURT ME—I KNOW IT!



THE TRAIL GOES INTO BOX CANYON—HE'S IN THERE! AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT! HE'S IN THERE, I KNOW IT!



BUT—SOMEONE ELSE KNOWS IT TOO! HIGH ON A ROCK OVERLOOKING BOX CANYON IS—HANK HORSE-THIEF!

A PERFECT TARGET—JUST WAITIN' TUN BE STUNNED WITH ONE SHOT. JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD THAT WAY, GOLDEN PALOMINO—LET ME GET A GOOD SHOT AT YUN...



AND AS THE DIRTY FINGER OF HANK HORSE-THIEF SQUEEZES AGAINST THE TRIGGER...

WHY HE'S AIMING AT AMIGO!!

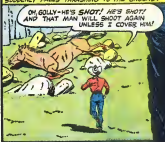


BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

BOBBY SHOUTS A WARNING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT. THE ALERT STALLION RESPONDS IMMEDIATELY—THE VERY MOMENT THAT HANK-HORSE-THIEF FIRES HIS SHOT!



BUT—WHAT IS THIS? THE FLUNGING PALOMINO SUDDENLY FALLS THRASHING TO THE GROUND!



DEFIANTLY, BOBBY PLACES HIMSELF BETWEEN THE RIFLE-MAN AND THE DISABLED HORSE.

THUNDER! THAT KID'S STANDING RIGHT IN MY WAY!—I CAN'T SHOOT!... WHAT'S THAT KID UP TO, ANYWAY?... AND THAT CRITTER'LL KILL HIM IF HE GETS NEARER!



THEN, AS THE HORSE—THIEF STANDS PETRIFIED, BOBBY SLOWLY APPROACHES THE STRUGGLING HORSE...

HE'S NOT HIT!—HE'S JUST GOT HIS LEG CAUGHT IN A BOULDER!... EASY, AMIGO! EASY, BOY! I'M YOUR FRIEND, BEAUTIFUL PALOMINO! I'LL GET YOU FREE! UNDERSTAND?



IN ORDER TO MOVE THE ROCK, BOBBY HAS TO GET WITHIN REACH OF THOSE DEADLY HOOPS.

HE'S NOT MOVING A MUSCLE! THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES! HE UNDERSTANDS I'M A FRIEND! HE UNDERSTANDS!... THERE—I'LL HAVE YOUR LEG LOOSE IN A MINUTE, AMIGO!



THE GOLDEN PALOMINO, FREE AT LAST, REARS HIGH IN FRONT OF BOBBY—BUT NOT IN ANGER, ONLY AS THOUGH TO SHOW HIS GRATITUDE.



... AND THEN GALLOPS OFF TO FREEDOM!

NOW... MESSIE I KIN GIT A SHOT AT THAT CRITTER! BUT I'LL BE HORSEWOGGLE! HE DON'T EVEN TECH THEY KID!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

GOT TO KEEP RUNNING—FOLLOW' AMIGO—
KEEP MYSELF BETWEEN HIM AND THAT
MAN WITH THE RIFLE. GOSH, WHY
WOULD ANYONE WANT TO SHOOT AMIGO?



SO INTENT IS BOBBY ON PROTECTING THE GOLDEN
PALOMINO THAT HE DOES NOT SEE—ANOTHER DANGER!

THERE! AMIGO'S
AROUND THIS BEND
NOW—SAFE FROM
THAT RIFLE—FOR
A WHILE,
ANYWAY!



AND—SUDDENLY!

A MOUNTAIN
LION!



THERE'S NO WAY OUT—HE'S GOING
TO SPRING ANY MINUTE! THIS
IS THE END! AMIGO!

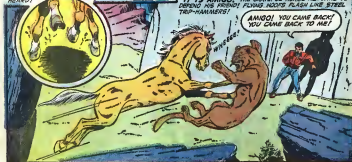


BUT—SUDDENLY—ON THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY
THE URGENT THUNDER OF POUNDING HOOFS IS
HEARD!



IT IS AMIGO! THE GRATEFUL HORSE RETURNS TO
DEFEND HIS FRIEND! FLYING HOOFS FLASH LIKE STEEL
TRIP-HAMMERS!

AMIGO! YOU CAME BACK!
YOU CAME BACK TO ME!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



RODIO RIDER

HE CAME from the chnta half out of the big saddle, as the pinto mustang twisted himself in half, back bent, legs rigid. The bucking horse slammed down with a jar, and young Tippy Martin flew sideways. His face was white and strained. His hands clawed for the reins that slipped from his sweat-wet fingers. The mustang pivoted on his rear hoofs and Tippy Martin left the saddle.

The people in the arena seemed to go 'round and 'round to Tippy as he hung momentarily in midair, upside down. Then he crashed in the soft arena sand, badly shaken. The mustang's kicking hoofs missed his head by less than three inches!

White-faced, Tippy dragged himself off the sand and to his feet. He staggered, moving back toward the rails. The fear was still inside him, churning madly. His cheeks were pale with fright, his eyes black and staring in the white face.

When he got to the exitway, he leaned against the wall, sick.

"Rough going, Tippy?" said a voice.

Tippy turned. Old Mack Jensen was smiling gently at him. Old Mack had made the rodeo circuits ever since the days of Steamboat, the greatest bucking horse of the rodeo crowds had ever known. Old Mack had known Tippy's father, and his brother; had seen them take world championships on the rodeo sands.

"Plenty rough," agreed Tippy, turning away to hide his face.

A wry smile twisted Old Mack's mouth. He said, "Yore dad an' brother found it that way at first, too. But they had the guts to see it through."

Tippy felt a wave of anger burn in him. It had always been that way, even back there on the Wayside ranch which his father owned. Always had his father's feats and his brother's deeds been thrown in his face. And he had let them down. It was Tippy who finished his daily chores last. In friendly competitions as boys, it was his brother Jim's lariat that outpointed his own. And Jim could stick to a bucking bronc like a cactus burr.

He walked away from the older man, shoulders drooping. Old Mack watched him go sadly, then rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. As he stroked his chin, he smiled. He said, "Mebbe it might work, at that!"

Tippy was eating at the corner restaurant when Old Mack pulled out a chair and sat

at his table. The old man ignored him as he looked at the menu. He gave his order, then leaned back.

"Figured I'd take in one of these western movies," he said casually. "Want to keep me company?"

"I'd planned on gettin' to hed early," said Tippy.

"Movies do you good. Relax yuh!"

Tippy's smile was bitter. "If that was all I needed," he said savagely. When Old Mack raised his eyebrows, Tippy slapped at his stomach. He growled, "I need guts—in here. More guts than I'll ever have!"

Old Mack buttered a biscuit. "That'll come. Yuh got to be loose, first. Them broncs can hurt yuh, sure! But if yuh're relaxed, they won't!"

Old Mack began to talk of other days, of the early rodeos. Although he had heard all these stories from his father, Tippy found himself thrilling anew to tales of Steamboat the great, and the riders of yesteryear. He found himself getting to his feet with Old Mack, and walking with him to the restaurant door, and down the sidewalk.

They were in a shadowy part of the alley behind the moving picture house when the three men jumped them. Old Mack went down on his back with a yell. Tippy found himself facing two of the thugs.

He drove a fist in one man's face, knocking him back against the brick wall. The other man was bringing out a gun, showing it at Tippy's face.

"Oh, no!" growled Tippy. His hands went out, caught the gun-wrist of the thug, turned it savagely. The man went down on his knees. Tippy brought the wrist across his knee. The gun dropped from limp fingers, and clattered on the alley stones.

The third thug whirled and leaped. Tippy met him in midair with an uppercut. The thug turned turtle and went down hard on his back in the narrow street.

Old Mack was clawing himself up off the ground.

"Come on, boy! This is a tough crowd in this town!"

Tippy was trying to shake himself loose, but the older man held him tightly. "Never mind them, boy. Let's go before some of their friends slam into us!"

Old Mack led the way from the alley on the dead run, with Tippy less than half a step behind him. Under a street lamp, Old Mack turned a line-marked face to Tippy. He said, "Don't feel much like that movie

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

now. Let's go back to the hotel."

As they walked, Old Mack said, "Well, those toughs proved one thing. You got guts, boy. Yuh waded into them hardcases like it was a game. Yuh didn't show no yaller."

Tippy shrugged. He growled, "Anybody'd have done what I did."

"I'm not so sure. I've been in fights before, and seen men bigger'n yuh put wings to their feet to git away. No, sir! Yuh got guts. All yuh need in the rodeo arena is confidence. An' that'll come, one o' these days. . . ."

The sun was hot, overhead. Young Tippy Martin streddled the top rungs of the bronco chute watching the shifting half-ton of horseflesh below him that was the man-killer, Dynamite. No man had ever sat Dynamite's saddle for the ten seconds required for rodeo point-scoring. Tippy lowered himself gingerly into the saddle. It was now or never! The luck of the draw had given him Dynamite. It would be no disgrace to lose to him!

The chute gate swung wide. Dynamite, true to his name, exploded. He came out of the gate in the air, legs fanning the wind, tail straight out, head down.

Tippy threw up his right hand. His left hand held the reins. Tippy glued his cowboy boots to the box stirrups and held them there. Under him, he felt the powerful man-killer gather himself in a solid bunch of fury.

Dynamite hit the ground, and Tippy's head banged forward. Before he could gather himself, the brone was off the ground, hind legs lashing out and sideways, trying to whiplash this clinging human from his back. Dynamite landed and rode again into the air, Up and down he went, in a series of stiff-legged jumps that racked and tortured Tippy at every leap.

The crowd was roaring. They made a thunder of sound in his ringing ears. Dimly, Tippy knew the people were standing, bending forward, shouting his name. But he caught them in his eyes in dazed glimpses, as the savage man-killer under him erupted and blasted himself back and forth all across the arena.

Tippy took off his hat with his right hand. He brought it down on Dynamite's rump. The horse spun dizzily. He brought his left flank against the wooden fence that protected the spectators. The dust rose as the boards rattled.

Tippy got his left leg up just in time. If it had been caught against that fence — !

Tippy shouted and banged his hat against the bronc's rump. And Dynamite lost his

feet. He rolled over and over, neighing his fury. Tippy crawled from the saddle, and got back into it as the big horse rose to his feet.

And then Dynamite heaved, and Tippy, his feet not yet in the stirrups, lost his balance.

Dynamite kicked! Tippy, unbalanced, went flying!

Tippy opened his eyes and looked straight into the grinning face of Old Mack. Behind him, Tippy could see cowboys and cowgirls crowding about. Tippy groaned. He said, "Well, I reckon I sure made a spectacle of myself out there."

"I'll say yuh did," agreed Old Mack.

The older man helped Tippy to his feet. Vaguely, Tippy was surprised that he had no broken bones. He felt himself gingerly, and limped around.

"I'm plumb washed up," he said to Old Mack. "I tried to ride that sunfisher, but it wasn't no use. Reckon I'm not cut out for rodeo work . . ."

"Hey?" howled the older man. "Washed up? After that ride yuh gave Dynamite?"

"He threw me, didn't he?" growled Tippy, turning away.

"Sure he did—after seventeen seconds of bang-up riding!" howled Old Mack. "Seven seconds more than yuh needed to score plenty of points, which yuh did!"

Tippy gasped. "Yuh mean . . . that I rode Dynamite?"

"Sure yuh did! Yuh proved last night yuh had the guts when yuh faced them thugs! Today yuh've got that confidence yuh need!"

Tippy laughed. "Did you pay off those men, Mack—like yuh paid off the men yuh hired to test Dad and my brother Jim?"

Old Mack's face fell. He squinted at Tippy carefully. "Yuh knew about those hombres, then?"

Tippy put an arm around the older man's shoulders. He said, "I've listened to Pop and Jim tell me all about those little 'tests' of yours, Mack. They also said that you only used your tests when you spotted a real good rider who needed . . . well, encouragement."

Old Mack kicked at a pebble as a smile crossed his leathery face. "Doggone! Reckon I'm gettin' kind of dated!"

Tippy said, "I had lost confidence in myself until you hired those hardcases. I told myself, if Old Mack thinks I'm worth biring thugs over, like he did for Dad and Jim, maybe I can be a rodeo rider."

"Which yuh sure are, son. Yuh sure are!"

Arm in arm, the young men and the old man went across the arena sands, their steps light and jaunty.

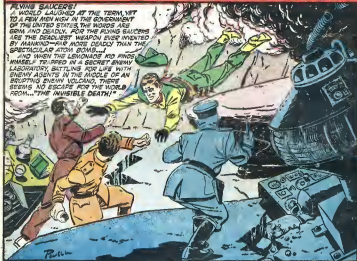
THE END

The LEMONADE KID

FLYING SAUCERS!

A WORLD LAUGHED AT THE TERM, YET TO A FEW MEN HIGH IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, THE WORDS ARE GRIM AND DEADLY. FOR THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE THE DEADLIEST WEAPON EVER INVENTED BY MANKIND—FAR MORE DEADLY THAN THE SPECTACULAR ATOM BOMB...

AND WHEN THE LEMONADE KID FINDS HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A SECRET ENEMY LABORATORY, BATTLING FOR LIFE WITH ENEMY AGENTS IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ERUPTING ENEMY VOLCANO, THERE SEEMS NO ESCAPE FOR THE WORLD FROM... "THE INVISIBLE DEATH!"



SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN MEXICO, A PEON TURNS FROM THE FURROWED GROUND HE IS WORKING, EYES WIDENING WITH FEAR...

MADRE DE DIOS... I...
...AM DYING...



LESS THAN THREE MILES AWAY AN ENTIRE TOWN LIES STILL AND SILENT, EVEN THE BIRDS AND THE ANIMALS GROW COOL...



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

CRAWLING ON HANDS AND KNEES, DRAGGING HIMSELF ACROSS THE CONCRETE DESERT, COMES ANNI WHOSE BREATH RATTLES IN HIS THROAT...

I CAN'T MAKE IT! THAT HELLISH STUFF... IS ALL THROUGH ME... KILLING ME JUST AS IF... IT WERE HUNDREDS OF... BULLETS!



CALLING O.R.K... ROSS CALLING O.R.K... INVISIBLE DEATH FROM SKY... FLYING OVER... KILLS EVERYTHING... BE ON WATCH OUT FOR...



POWERFUL RECEIVING SETS PICK UP THE BARBLED WORDS IN A FIELD STATION OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE... WASHINGTON!

IT'S ROSS, SIR! HE'S STUNNED ON "OPERATIONS MYSTERY" BUT HE'S FANDED... OR DEAD! HE TALKED ABOUT INVISIBLE DEATH... FROM THE SKY...



FROM WASHINGTON TO ST. LOUIS, THENCE ON TO HOUSTON, THE WIRE RUNS FROM HOUSTON A CALL COMES THROUGH TO THE FOREMAN'S OFFICE OF THE B-BAR-B RANCH IN THE BIG BEND COUNTRY...



SECONDS LATER, TEX AVISON, FOREMAN OF THE B-BAR-B IS TOSING HIS MUD-STAINED LEVIS FROM HIM, AND DONNING THE YELLOW SHIRT AND TOWN HOLESERS OF—THE LEMONADE KID...!

NO TIME TO SPARE! WASHINGTON DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE NATURE OF THE MYSTERY WEAPON... SO I'LL TAKE MY FULL FIELD KIT ALONG.



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, TWO RIDERS BEAT SOUTHWARD FROM THE TERO WATERS OF THE RIO GRANDE, EYES KEEN AND ALERT, SENSES READY FOR DANGER...

IT'S A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT, MANKA! WE'RE STALKING DEATH ITSELF! A DEATH WE CAN'T SEE TO ESCAPE OR FIGHT BACK! WE WON'T KNOW IT'S AROUND—UNTIL WE'RE DEAD!



THAT BAD, EL TEJANO! MUUY BAO!

FAR AHEAD IN A LABORATORY CARVED OUT OF THE LAVA ROCK INSIDE THE CONE OF A LONG-DEAD VOLC—AND...

THE SAUCER WILL BE RETURNING AT ANY MOMENT, SIR!

GOOD! BRING IT INTO THE CAVE MANKA! IT IS THE FINAL TEST, IT HAS WORKED WELL... ALL THOSE OVER WHOM THE SAUCER PASSED, LIE STUFF IN DEATH!



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



WITHIN THE SAUCER IS AN UNSHIELDED ATOMIC ENGINE! IT GIVES OUT RADIOACTIVE RAYS—RAYS THAT KILL ALL WHOM THEY TOUCH—AND THEY TOUCH WITHIN A RADIUS OF FIFTY MILES!



OUR FORCES HAVE SENT MANY HARMLESS ONES OVER THE UNITED STATES. BY NOW THE PEOPLE ACCEPT THEM—EVEN LAUGH AT THEM! IT IS TIME TO SEND REAL SAUCERS... THE SAUCERS THAT KILL! AND WE WILL SEND THEM—WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!



LOOK YONDER, HARK! A BUZZARD!

BUZZARD COMES DOWN LIKE THAT WHEN DEAD ANIMAL—OR MAN—LIES BELOW!



IT'S ROSS—THE FBI, FIELD AGENT ON THE TRAIL OF "OPERATIONS MYSTERY!"



HOW HIM DIE, EL TEJANO?

HE HAS NO WOUND! I'LL USE THIS GRIBER COUNTER... HUH! LISTEN TO IT CLICK! ROSS WAS KILLED BY RADIOACTIVITY!



CALLING GRK...GRK...CALLING GRK...LATEST NEWS ON "OPERATIONS MYSTERY"... MYSTERY DEATH DUE TO RADIOACTIVITY FROM POSSIBLE UNSHIELDED ATOMIC SOURCE...GRK...!



HOURS LATER...

ROSS DIED BEFORE HE COULD RELAY INFORMATION TO THE FIELD STATION... BUT HE PUT WHAT HE KNEW DOWN IN CODE IN A LITTLE BLACK BOOK! HE SAYS EVERYTHING STEMS FROM THIS ANCIENT VOLCANO!

BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

MOVING FROM POINT TO POINT, SOMEWHAT LATER...

IF I CAN ONLY GET INTO THEIR BIG LABORATORY, I CAN REALLY DO SOME DAMAGE!



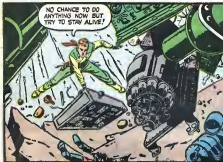
OVERHEAD, AT THAT MOMENT, THE ARMY BOMBERS DROP THEIR DEADLY CARGO DIRECTLY ON THE VOLCANO CONE —



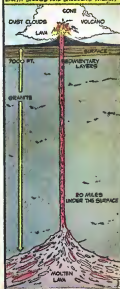
BOMBERS! AND I'M CAUGHT DOWN HERE... WITH THE ENEMY!



NO CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING NOW BUT TRY TO STAY ALIVE!



THE LONG DEAD VOLCANO, STIRRED BY THE BOMBING THAT SPLITS THE SOLID LAVA OF ITS CONE FLOOR, STIRS TO RUMBLING, SPITTING LUST SPARKS OF MOLTEN LAVA SHOOT UPWARD, THE VERY EARTH SHAKES AND SHUDGERS WILDLY!



THIS WHOLE PLACE IS LOOKING LIKE A BOAT IN A HEAVY SEAT... GOOD HEAVENS! NOW WHAT'S HAPPENING?



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS



BOBBY BENSON'S B-BAR-B RIDERS

ONLY ONE CHANCE... SEND ONE OF THEIR RADIO-CONTROLLED FLYING SAUCERS... AFTER THEIR PLANE! BUT WILL I LIVE... LONG ENOUGH TO WORK THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS?



GASPING FOR AIR, BODY STREAMING SWEAT FROM THE HEAT AND FIRE, THE LEONARDO KID FIGHTS BACK UNCONSCIOUSLY BY SHEER WILL AS HE GRABS DIALS AND LEVERS...

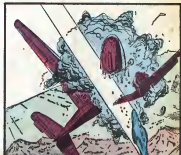
FIRE HADN'T TOUCHED THIS PART YET, I CAN HEAR THE SAUCER HANGAR DOORS OPENING. MOTORS JETTING UP... SAUCERS WILL BE LIFTING INTO THE AIR! NOW TO... AIM THEM!



I CAN'T... DO ANY MORE... JUST SET THE COURSE... AND HOPE FOR... THE BEST...



UP THROUGH THE CONE OF THE THUNDERING VOLCANO WHIRLS A SPEEDING SAUCER, UNDER RADIO DIRECTION, IT STRAIGHTENS OUT SWIFTLY AND HURTLES UPWARD.



WHAT SIGNS TO THE LEONARDO KID, AN ETERNITY LATER, HIS SWEAT-STAINED AND FIRE-SCORCHED EYES SLOWLY OPEN...

ALORNA? I- I'M DEAD? DO YOU OYE TOO?

NOT DEAD! HARKA FIND SECRET PATH INTO VOL- CANO ONLY INDIANS KNOW ABOUT. ME COME FIND YOU LIKE DEAD IN LABORATORY. CARRY YOU OUT SECRET WAY...



THEY ARE GONE! ALL DEAD! AND THEIR SECRETS WILL BE SEARCHED OUT BY OUR OWN SCIENTISTS -AND USED FOR PEACE-NOT WAR! AND BEST OF ALL -WE'VE SAVED MILLIONS OF LIVES!

A GOOD JOB, EL TEJANO!



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